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# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

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## Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814.* By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Vol. IV. London, 1834. Boone.

THE fourth volume of Colonel Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula* is now before us, and is as remarkable as either of the preceding for profound knowledge and clear demonstration of the art of war, spirit in composition, unrestricted freedom of observation, and passion and prejudice in political judgment. The gallant author appears to confine that better part of valour, discretion, solely to military subjects; and on certain others to turn his sword upon himself, especially when commenting upon the policy, character, and conduct of those wielding the civil government: in such cases his *coup d'aile* becomes limited, his decisions somewhat rash, and his attacks made with a headlong fury not unlikely to be injurious to himself by the after exhaustion and weakness, rather than hurtful by the impetuosity of the onset.

The pamphleteering virulence, so unworthy of the gravity of the historian, with which the late Mr. Canning and Mr. Perceval are assailed, particularly the first-mentioned statesman, cast a dark shadow over the otherwise unsullied brilliancy of his literary labours. It would be well for the author to imprint his mind with the observation, that even truth loses its force in an invective; and that the characters of those eminent individuals are not staked upon the single hazard of the Peninsular War. It might seem proper to those immediately engaged in this contest, and to those who form their judgments after events, that the whole energies of the country should have been directed at once to this single object. But a more comprehensive view was necessary for the statesman's decision, rendered justly cautious, and perhaps timid, by fifteen years of military failures and miscarriages, ere they committed themselves to this policy without the means of extrication. Their first endeavours, as well as duty, was to stimulate the inert natives of the various provinces of the Iberian peninsula, by largesses of money and supplies, to rise in mass against the invader. In the distribution of this bounty even local prejudices and jealousies interfered: the internal divisions and provinces of Spain to this day are no imaginary lines of separation among the people. In the enthusiasm of the moment, they may have been as profusely given as it is certain they were at times grossly misapplied; but without the constant flow of this aid, the insurrection would have been but of short-lived duration. With regard to the sin of ignorance respecting the situation of the Peninsula, with which Mr. Canning is so unmercifully charged, it must be granted that he was not the only offender; it was the besetting sin of the period, and the army enjoyed their full proportion of it with the administration. The ray of light which burst in from Spain was sudden and unexpected,

and found all parties unprepared. Experience is generally arrived at but by slow and painful sacrifices; nor did the first years of the conduct of this war, either abroad or at home, militate against the truth of this adage. The rancour of the author against Mr. Canning is further manifested by his departing from the thread of his history, when relating the occurrences of 1808, to cite circumstances of a colouring depreciatory of his character, which are said to have taken place as late as 1826. We must likewise confess ourselves at a loss to discover how the citation of letters from persons in office of the dates of April 1810 and April 1811, can disclose the inefficient state of the cabinet under Mr. Canning, who resigned in the latter end of 1809. In short, the author seems to be influenced more by the impulse of private feeling than the calculations of dispassionate reason.

The circumstances of this glorious war during the years 1810, 1811, and part of 1812, are those related and commented upon in this fourth volume. The operations of Suchet in Catalonia and Valencia, with his reduction of the fortified places of Tarragona, Saguntum, Valencia, and others of less note, are most elaborately set forth, presenting details of infinite value to the officer, and lively interest to the general reader.

In 1811 the unslumbering eye of Napoleon saw the Russian contest in distant prospect, and he commenced his military preparation by the withdrawal of his best troops from Spain, which enabled Lord Wellington to assume the offensive against Marmont and Soult. The historian, with accuracy and precision, portrays the combinations, movements, exposes the faults, and lauds the talent developed in the many trying situations with which his narration of this campaign may be said to teem. Lord Hill's masterly surprise of General Girard at Aroyo Molino is beautifully painted; and, as the success of this most difficult of all military enterprises demanded, is enthusiastically eulogised.

Colonel Napier's high and chivalric sense of honour is finely evinced in his zealous endeavours still to obtain the meed of honour for the defence of Tarifa for those unto whom it was justly due—to General Campbell and Captain Smith of the Engineers.

The beleaguering and capture of the cities of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajos occupy a large portion of the remaining pages. Of all military operations, to those who are not spectators, the descriptions of a siege seem to be the most faithful; the whole process may be seen and noted by one individual—the interest never flags by the recital of desultory marches and counter-marches without apparent result or object. We have felt it quite impossible to peruse these spirit-stirring details without feeling a spark of that enthusiasm which has here elevated Colonel Napier's literary powers to a height they had not before reached. The narrative of the assault and storming of Badajos, thus given, rouses in turn every feeling of the

human breast—courage, anger, admiration, horror, pity, exultation. Never were the deadly calamities of war more vividly, more truly pictured, and honour to him for the sentiment, more unaffectedly deplored than by this gallant soldier; and never was less on more impressively inculcated to check the insane ambition of princes and people, than the following here transcribed of the storming and sack of Badajos:—

"*Assault of Badajos.*—The night was dry but clouded, the air thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and the trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights were seen to flit here and there; while the deep voices of the sentinels at times proclaimed that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's fireful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies whom they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted and ruined from the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down; and both were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts. Former failures there were to avenge, and on either side such leaders as left no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial; and the possession of Badajos was become a point of honour personal with the soldiers of each nation. But the strong desire for glory was in the British, dashed with a hatred of the citizens on an old grudge; and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage—for these things render the noble-minded indeed averse to cruelty, but harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers also, like Cesar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Cuidad Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every spirit found a cause of excitement; the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron; and, in the pride of arms, none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury. At ten o'clock the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Paraderas, the distant bastion of San Vicente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to have been simultaneously assailed; and it was hoped that the strength of the enemy would shrivel within that fiery girdle. But many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division; and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to where the men of the third division were drawn up, discovered their array, and obliged them to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Then, every thing being suddenly disturbed, the double columns of the fourth and light divisions also moved silently and swiftly against the breaches; and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made. But a sudden blaze of light and the

rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a most vehement combat at the castle. There General Kempt, for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no change in the hour, was not present—there Gen. Kempt, I say, led the third division; he had passed the Rivillas in single files, by a narrow bridge, under a terrible musketry, and then reforming and running up the rugged hill, had reached the foot of the castle, when he fell, severely wounded, and being carried back to the trenches met Picton, who hastened forward to take the command. Meanwhile his troops, spreading along the front, reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood, and bursting shells rolled off the parapet; while from the flanks the enemy plied his musketry with a fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, stabbed the leading assailants or pushed the ladders from the walls; and all this attended with deafening shouts, and the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights. Still swarming round the remaining ladders, these undaunted veterans strove who should first climb, until, all being overturned, the French shouted victory, and the British, baffled but untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. Here, when the broken ranks were somewhat reformed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with a stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, once more raised it against the castle, yet to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower and an embrasure offered some facility. A second ladder was soon placed alongside of the first by the grenadier officer Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart; the shouting troops pressed after them—the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town, and the castle was won. A reinforcement sent from the French reserve then came up, a sharp action followed, both sides fired through the gate, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory. During these events, the tumult at the breaches was such as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions had reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them that the French were ready; yet no stir was heard, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders were placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the light division, about five hundred in all, had descended into the ditch without opposition, when a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were seen on the one side, and on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, were coming on like streams of burning lava. It was the touch of the magician's wand, for a crash of thunder followed, and with incredible violence the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels. For an instant the light division stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight; then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, flew down the ladders, or disdaining their aid, leaped,

reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and, nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in and descended with a like fury. There were, however, only five ladders for both columns, which were close together; and a deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation: into this watery snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said that above a hundred of the fusileers, the men of Albura, were there smothered. Those who followed checked not, but as if such a disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, being rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; yet a wide and deep chasm was still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, and whose flank was confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the bastion of Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division were destined to storm. Great was the confusion, for now the ravelin was quite crowded with men of both divisions; and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counter-guard of the Trinidad—the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in, until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, the roaring of the guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the battery of the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din. Now a multitude bounded up the great breach, as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged on both sides, and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity; for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged. Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge; and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping; but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and, sometimes followed by many, sometimes by a few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; but

the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot, that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken; and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades, for the trench and parapet behind the breach were finished; and the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter would have continued. At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Colonel Andrew Barnard had, with prodigious efforts, separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military array; but now the tumult was such that no command could be heard distinctly, except by those close at hand; and the mutilated carcasses heaped on each other, and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations—order was impossible. Yet officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out, as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod, of the forty-third, a young man, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war, if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered; and with such a strong resolution did he lead them up the fatal ruins, that when one behind him, in falling, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, and, continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. But there was no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers. Two hours spent in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers that the breach of the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach to it impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy, stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, 'Why they did not come into Badajos?' In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps, and others continually falling—the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless fire above, and withal, a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain—Captain Nicholas, of the engineers, was observed by Mr. Shaw, of the forty-third, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria bastion. Shaw, having collected about fifty soldiers of all regiments, joined him; and although there was a deep cut along the foot of this breach also, it was instantly passed; and these two young officers, at the head of their gallant band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but when they had gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth. Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw stood alone. After this, no further effort was made at any point; and the troops remained passive, but unflinching, beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for, of the riflemen on the glacis, many leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault, and the rest, raked by a cross fire of grape

from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry. About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire, and re-form for a second assault; for he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was, however, not effected without further carnage and confusion; for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the distant flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders: then the groans and lamentations of the wounded who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased. Many officers, who had not heard of the order, endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back; and some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd. All this time the third division was lying close in the castle; and, either from a fear of risking the loss of a point which ensured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana, the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge. Thus the town was girdled with fire; for General Walker's brigade having passed on during the feint on the Pardaleras, was escalating the distant bastion of San Vincente. His troops had advanced along the banks of the river, and reached the French guard-house, at the barrier-gate, undiscovered, for the ripple of the waters smothered the sound of their footsteps; but just then the explosion of the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the columns, fired. The British troops, immediately springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way, while the Portuguese, being panic-stricken, threw down the scaling-ladders. Nevertheless, the others snatched them up again, and, forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but the guiding engineer officer was killed, and there was a *cumette*, which embarrassed the column; and when the foremost man succeeded in rearing the ladders, the latter were found too short; for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. Meanwhile, the fire of the French was deadly; a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders. Fortunately, some of the defenders having been called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned; and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders there under an embrasure, which had no gun, and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up, but with difficulty; for the ladders were still too short, and the first man who gained the top was pushed up by his comrades, and then drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them, from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened, and could not be driven back; half the fourth regiment entered the town itself, to dislodge the enemy from the houses, while the others

pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and, by dint of hard fighting, successively won three bastions. In the last of these combats, General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, at the moment when one of the enemy's cannoners was discharging a gun, fell covered with so many wounds that it was wonderful how he could survive; and some of the soldiers immediately after, perceiving a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops, whom neither the strong barrier, nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy, could stop, staggered back, appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in this disorder a French reserve, under General Viellande, drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, and, pitching some men over the walls, and killing others outright, again cleansed the ramparts, even to the San Vincente. There, however, Leith had placed Colonel Nugent, with a battalion of the thirty-eighth, as a reserve; and when the French came up, shouting and slaying all before them, this battalion, about two hundred strong, arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, the soldiers rallied, and, in compact order, once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; but the French, although turned on both flanks, and abandoned by fortune, did not yet yield; and meanwhile, the detachment of the fourth regiment, which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated; for the streets were empty and brilliantly illuminated, and no person was seen; yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards. However, the troops, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town, and, in their progress, captured several mules going with ammunition to the breaches; but the square itself was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps: a terrible enchantment seemed to be in operation, for they saw nothing but light, and heard only the low whispers close around them, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing thunder. There, indeed, the fight was still plainly raging; and hence, quitting the square, they attempted to take the garrison in reverse, by attacking the ramparts from the town side; but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets. At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and, finally, General Viellande, and Phillipon, who was wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Cristoval, where they all surrendered early the next morning, upon summons, to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who had, with great readiness, pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere they had time to organise further resistance. But even in the moment of ruin the night before, the noble governor had sent some horsemen out from the fort to carry the news to Soult's army, and they reached him in time to prevent a greater misfortune. Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism. All indeed were not alike, for hundreds risked, and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but the madness generally prevailed, and as the worst men were leaders here, all the dread-

ful passions of human nature were displayed. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos: on the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled. The wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of. Five thousand men and officers fell during this siege; and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault—sixty officers, and more than seven hundred men, being slain on the spot. The five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded—the first three severely. About six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches, each division there losing twelve hundred. And how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this—the forty-third and fifty-second regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle! Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than a hundred square yards; let him consider, that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water—that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say that the French were feeble men; for the garrison stood and fought manfully, and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on any side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the soldiers—the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, or of O'Hare of the ninety-fifth, who perished on the breach, at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service? Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier, who was killed the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate soldier of the ninety-fifth, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the forty-third, who, having in former assaults received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded? Nor would I be understood to select these as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion—some known, some that never will be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves, ere they could bear testimony to what they saw. But no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos. When the extent of the night's havoc was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way



for a moment, and the pride of conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers."

A single blemish is scarcely worthy remark; but as it may, if neglected, like ill weeds, grow apace, we venture to suggest to the author a more careful attention to the correctness and application of metaphor, and a more sparing use of the figurative, in succeeding volumes.

The value of Colonel Napier's work sensibly increases with the lapse of time. Many of the principals and subalterns whom the sword had spared have been already, and are hourly being swept, by less sudden but no less sure means, to the general tomb. A few brief years, and the tale of their deeds of many glories will be the sole inanimate relic left; but this tale, penned in the perpetuating language of their gallant comrade, like the images of their ancestors which the citizens of Rome were wont to place in the vestibules of their houses, will for succeeding ages recall the glorious actions of the dead, and fire the living to imitate these their renowned progenitors.

The late period of the week at which this interesting volume reached us, and our anxiety to lay it before our readers, have prevented us from entering into that extended analysis and illustration of its merits in which it would have been a pleasure for us to have indulged. However deficient our notice may be in this respect, we are quite sure that we need not say another word in recommending this standard military classic to be read, and likewise to be possessed, by all who value literary merit and honour England's glory.

*Sayings and Doings in America.* 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Saunders and Otley.

WE shall not trouble our readers with any farther introduction of this work than to say, that it consists of tales and dialogues at Tremont Boarding-house, Boston, in which subjects of every kind are discussed. Our first extract relates to one often uppermost in America, and seldom treated with so much liberality of feeling:—

"*Walsingham.* I wish a hundred Fenwicks would come over every year. The English would then (I am sure) become as popular in this country as, I am afraid, they are now unpopular." "*Waring.* I don't think we are unpopular with the Americans generally." "*Wal. Humph!* look at their newspapers. I am made to bite my lips every day, by some ill-natured observation in print respecting the old country—the old country! Ah! God a-mercy! I am ready to hug every American when I hear him make use of that phrase." "*War.* Each nation is, I think, wofully ignorant of the character and sentiments of the other. Until within the last few years, nobody in England either thought or talked of America. Of course, I don't speak of mercantile people. Washington Irving, indeed, made the American character extremely popular for a time. John Bull believed he had done his young relative injustice; and John—who is, after all, in spite of his roughness and occasional fits of ill-humour, a generous and loving creature—was ready to, and did, hold out his great mutton fist to Brother Jonathan, with his usual blunt word of expression, after a quarrel, of 'There—shake hands—let's be good friends again.' The great majority of the English people knew nothing of the libels on America complained of by Mr. Irving, but—" "*Wal.* I recollect very well the time; and every Englishman of character and intelligence was ready to run to him, open-mouthed, to disclaim any participation in the affront, or

affronts, offered to his country. Washington Irving was, and is to this day, as much an object of personal affection with the British people as (almost) any Englishman you can name to me." "*War.* Granted. But then, recollect, the old wounds were ripped open by Basil Hall, and since by Mrs. Trollope; and these thin-skinned people—" "*Wal.* Thin-skinned! Well, I like them the better for their thin-skinnedness, to a certain degree. They may abuse Captain Hall, Dame Trollope, and the Quarterly Reviewer, as much as they like; but, why the devil (Heaven forgive me!) will they persist in saying that these writers speak the sentiments of the great mass of the British people respecting America—especially when they have proof positive to the contrary?"

In one of the dialogues alluded to, we think the following a fair display of the author's talent:—

"*Male Gossips.*—" "*Waring.* 'You are a stranger, sir,' said he, 'and should be on your guard respecting what you say before So-and-so. He pecks up any little scrap that falls from you, and runs about with it in his beak (as pleased as though it were a lump of meat, or a silver spoon), to shew it to all the neighbourhood. His beak, however, is not good for much. It was not made for holding fast; so he lets the morsel fall half-a-dozen times; and by the time your attention is called to it, as your property, it is so covered with dust and dirt, that you cannot recognise it as having ever belonged to you.' "*Walsingham.* Good! Mr. Barnwell said so, did he? Now, do you know, I hugely suspected him of being a member of the Pie family? One of the elderly Mags! Not that I could believe him to be actuated by a spirit of ill-nature. But it struck me that he was addicted to gossiping (as bad a habit as gin-drinking, trust me); and then, he is so desperately inquisitive! He asks you the same question three times over; and even then appears not to be satisfied with your final answer—unless you take half an hour in delivering it. But he is a kind-hearted old man—that's certain. He has taken wine with us every day we have dined below!"

"'What a soft-spoken person is that Julius Honeywood!' said Miss Arabella Dawe. 'Do you recollect, Jane, his dancing with me at Mrs. Congreve's, in Washington?' 'Oh, to be sure! Mr. Honeywood, I believe, is of Baltimore.' 'I recollect,' said Mrs. Dawe, 'he is a very clever young man—one that has very little to say for himself, but who looks well in a room not overstocked with company. He is always dressed in the last and most approved fashion. However, he is a bad dancer. He is wise in not talking much; but his friends should advise him to dance as little as possible. If he did not dance he might be taken for a perfect gentleman.' 'Oh, mamma!' said Miss Arabella, 'you are praising him far above his deserts. A perfect gentleman!—Dear, dear! it would require fifty Mr. Honeywoods to make a perfect gentleman.' 'Fifty!' cried Miss Jane, 'a hundred, Arabella! The creature is so slow in every thing he says and does. He takes a couple of minutes to make a bow—and when he talks, it is in the manner of a lecturer.' 'Yes,' said her mother, 'I do think he has rather a conceited air.' 'He is a bit of an aristocrat, too,' quoth Mr. Dawe. 'I heard him once ask who somebody's father was. However, I should think he was pretty well off in the world—two hundred thousand, at least.' 'He affects to be a great judge of ladies' dresses; in fact, I think he would make an

excellent man-milliner,' observed Miss Arabella. 'Indeed—indeed!' said Miss Powell, laughing; 'you are rather severe upon the gentleman, Miss Arabella; he is rather a favourite here, I assure you.' 'Is it possible? Well—some people pretend to admire him—but I am quite sure he will never be a favourite of mine.' 'There is one thing in his favour, however,' said Mrs. Dawe; 'he neither smokes nor chews, which is quite remarkable in a young man, now-a-days.' 'But he takes snuff, mamma,' returned Miss Arabella, 'which is quite as bad a habit.' 'Ha!' cried Miss Julia Powell, 'I see you have noted down all the gentleman's faults, Arabella—and they say, that is always a sure sign that—' 'I know what you would say, Julia; but, depend upon it, the saying is not a true one. I positively dislike Mr. Julius Honeywood.' 'No doubt,' said Miss Jane Dawe; 'Paul Slaney is Arabella's particular favourite.' 'Girls! girls!' cried Mr. Dawe, winking at Julia, 'this is very indecorous to talk about your favourite gentleman before your father.' 'Well, I'll admit I do like Mr. Slaney,' said Arabella, not heeding her father's observation; 'to be sure, he is quite a scarecrow—but, then, he's very good-natured.' 'Good-natured!' exclaimed Miss Jane Dawe; 'how came you to find that out, Arabella? I declare I think him one of the most ill-tempered, unamiable persons I ever encountered.' 'My dearest Jane,' cried her mother, 'how often must I tell you that it is very unwise, in a young girl like you, to express your opinions about people so freely? I think Mr. Paul Slaney a very agreeable young man.' 'He is rising rapidly in his profession (which is a very money-making one), I understand,' said Mr. Dawe, putting on his hat. 'I particularly dislike his spectacles,' said Miss Jane Dawe; 'though, to be sure, his nose looks extremely awkward without its saddle. And then, he is so uncouth! His pronunciation is so odd, too!—(mimicking him)—'he doos it very well, doosn't he?' 'It's genoo-ine, miss—though it seems strange,' and so forth. Did you ever see him eat? I declare it is a performance not to be witnessed a second time. He makes a clean sweep of all the small dishes within his reach—mixes them together on his plate—and then swallows the mess, as if he were eating for a wager—sending his knife nearly half way down his throat every time he lifts that loaded instrument to his mouth.' 'Ha, ha, ha! That's true, Jane; and how he talks! How I love to hear him talk about the president,' said Mr. Dawe; 'ha, ha, ha!' 'Oh, yes,' returned Miss Jane; 'he is Jackson-mad, and that reminds me how prone he is to talk politics before, and to, ladies.' 'But remember, dear,' said Arabella, 'what a compliment he paid to us. He said that we, the petticoat party (as he called us), comprised nearly all the intelligence of the country.' 'Yes, but how clumsily a compliment comes from his lips. He speaks so fast, and so carelessly, that you fancy his tongue is merely getting rid of some odd words which were troublesome to it.'"

One more specimen, and we have done: the subject is one of vital importance, and not badly illustrated:—

"*Drinking.*—" 'To drink scientifically, then, let me tell you, you should never toss off your second glass, till you are satisfied your stomach hath found good and comfortable stowage-room for your first: and observe the same rule with respect to your third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh glasses. And rather, my dear Gaultimam, imbibe your liquor by sips than by mouths—

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ful. For the tongue (as a good turnpike keeper) should not be defrauded of its toll: which is always the case when, instead of sending down your drops, one by one, you are unprincipled enough to urge them, by twenties at a time, to descend through that port-hole under your nose into the depths beneath! Always, before you sit down to a drinking bout, bid or forewarn your head to keep a strict eye on your stomach, and to give notice when it is time for you to draw the bolt across your mouth—in the manner of that respectable functionary, at a theatre, whose duty it is to cry out, lustily, in due season, ‘The pit’s full!’ Be assured, when you feel yourself called upon to undo the second button of your waistcoat, that you have had enough to quench your thirst for that sitting. Do not talk, rant, or laugh too much, at the beginning of a carouse; for your mind, being thus thrown into a state of agitation, stirs up and ruffles the bed of the pool within,—which, as I have before hinted, should have time to stand and settle. And this commotion of the lower tides, or under currents, it is, that so often produces that sudden, premature, and violent tempest which—but this is running too far into particulars, and I have no desire to make you feel uncomfortable so soon after dinner. So, fill your glasses—bumpers, if you please—and I’ll give you a toast. Gentlemen, are you all filled? ‘The old country—may she soon be rid of all her troubles.’”

*The Gael and Cymri; or, an Inquiry into the Origin and History of the Irish Scotti, Britons, and Gauls, and of the Caledonians, Picts, Welsh, Cornish, and Bretons.* By Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 443. Dublin, 1834, Curry and Co.; London, Simpkin and Marshall, and T. and W. Boone; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd.

Too much, as it has been our province more than once to remark, cannot be said in commendation of the works of the eloquent and learned Heeren, Professor of History at the University of Gottingen, who has condensed into a few volumes nearly all the information that is valuable respecting the policy, intercourse, and commerce, of the principal nations of antiquity. The manners, customs, and progress of the arts and civilisation are set forth in brilliant and striking, but at the same time in familiar and pleasing, language; amusing, instructive, and accessible, to the most unlearned. From him we are able, in a few hours, to collect and possess ourselves of the reality of ancient history, which until the appearance of his works could only be acquired by years of laborious investigation, and that by a superior and well-instructed mind;—to commonly educated minds they were inaccessible. He carries his reader with him, convinced by his premises and satisfied with his deductions, who always feels that he is certainly contemplating a true picture of former times.

Heeren has placed ancient history in a new point of view, confirming the relations of the ancients by the discoveries and inspections of modern travellers. It is very remarkable that all the statements of Herodotus are established in the most minute points, and vindicated from the aspersions of previous writers, without professing to have that object in view. The father of history will hereafter be considered as unquestionable testimony by all right-minded scholars.

With respect to the Egyptians, Ethiopians, Carthaginians, and Macrobians, of Africa, and the Persians, Babylonians, Scythians, and In-

dians of Asia, the results of Professor Heeren’s learned and laborious investigations are indeed convincing, instructive, and most satisfactory.

But of the most ancient people, the Phœnicians, who took the lead of all others, the masters and instructors of most, if not all, of the before-mentioned nations, in commerce, literature, and the concomitants of civilised life, from the paucity of his materials and ignorance of their language, even the erudite, untrifling, and illustrious Heeren, could give us but a meagre and unsatisfactory account. He has added but little to our previous knowledge respecting them. This division of the learned professor’s subject forms a striking contrast to the others. He has with the magic influence of his pen dissipated the gloom and mist which obscured them; but the obscurity of the history of the Phœnicians was too dense to be dispersed even by the powerful lustre of this sun of literature.

We have been led into these observations of Professor Heeren’s works by the extraordinary information contained in the volume which is the object of our present criticism.

Accidental circumstances lead to most unexpected results. In this case, the history of the Phœnicians, which most likely cost Professor Heeren more labour than any other branch of his subject, has been elucidated in a most remarkable manner in this volume, by a discovery, or rather a demonstration of what has been often hinted at obscurely, and as often ridiculed—that the Gaelic-Irish were a colony of Phœnicians, and that their language is the same as that of Tyre and Sidon.

Sir William Betham, in searching after the ancient Irish, has hit, to use a miner’s phrase, on the lode of the mine, and has been able to work it profitably. He has found in the clue of the Gaelic language the means of following up the course and stream by which Phœnician commerce flowed to the west, and to explain many anomalies which the classic writers of Greece and Rome have left in obscurity. Much, as he says himself, “yet remains to be investigated, illustrative of the ancient history of the Gael or Scoti, and their ancestors the Phœnicians.” We trust he will follow it up. We shall look with great anxiety for his future volume, which cannot fail to increase in interest. What has been already accomplished supplies, in a great degree, the deficiencies in Heeren.

But it is not only as far as the Phœnicians are concerned that this volume possesses interest; the object of the work was the investigation of the Milesian Irish, a mooted point of long standing, and warmly contested, but certainly never before treated so intelligibly and philosophically. This pursuit has led to results of a most unexpected and remarkable character. Startling facts and circumstances have been brought before us which never could have been contemplated or expected. Our readers will be, as we are, surprised to hear it affirmed, *that the Welsh are not the descendants of the Britons who combated against Cæsar; and that they did not possess their romantic Cambria before the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era*,—that the names of the rivers and mountains and places of Wales are not Welsh, but Gaelic or Irish,—that the Britons who fought with Cæsar spoke the Irish or Gaelic language, that all their names are Gaelic, and that the people of Gaul, whom Cæsar calls Celtae, also spoke the same language,—that the names of all the people and individuals mentioned by Cæsar, Tacitus, and Suetonius, as inhabiting Celtic Gaul and Britain, including Wales, are

all explicable in the Irish or Gaelic language,—that the names of the rivers, mountains, promontories, estuaries, and other prominent features of Britain, including Wales, Celtic Gaul, and Spain, as well as those of most of the islands and coasts of the Mediterranean Sea, are all significant of their peculiar circumstances and character in Irish or Gaelic language,—that the Celtae were a colony of the Phœnicians, and the Gaelic is the language spoken at Tyre and Sidon,—that the Phœnicians, though Canaanites by residence, are not the descendants of Ham, as supposed by Heeren, but of Shem. These and many other facts, illustrative as well of ancient history and classic literature as of Irish history, are not only ingeniously asserted and argued, but, we think, on the whole, put on strong grounds, in a logical, very interesting, and amusing manner.

But the author has, in his preliminary observations, given a brief statement of the contents of his volume, which we cannot do better than extract:—

“Having been impressed with the idea, that the demonstration of the true origin and history of the Irish people would afford powerful aid towards elucidating those of other European nations, I have pursued this investigation for many years, and the results have justified and substantiated the accuracy of the opinion I had formed beyond my most sanguine expectations. The examination of the language, laws, religion, customs, and institutions of the people of Gaul, who were declared by Cæsar to have called themselves Celtae, was the first object of my attention; and the result of that investigation has established, it is conceived, beyond the possibility of doubt or question, that the Irish, Britons, and Gauls, of Cæsar’s day, all spoke the same language, had the same origin, religion, laws, institutions, and customs, and were, in fact, but different branches of the same people. Thus far one branch of the question has been, I conceive, effectually answered—the Scoti, or Irish, were Celtae. The other question still remained—‘*when did they settle in Ireland?*’ This could not be answered without first solving the problem of ‘*who were the Celtae?*’ It was not sufficient to rest on the probability of their settling in the British islands from Gaul, although that alternative has hitherto been the *dernier resort* of most English writers, who, rejecting altogether the Milesian story as fabulous, have had no other way of accounting for the peopling of these islands, than in frail wicker coracles, covered with skins, from the nearest coast of the continent. ‘*Who and whence were the Celtae?*’ involved investigation into the history of all the ancient people of Europe; but it was not long before that question was also satisfactorily answered; a strong affinity was palpable between the Celts and the Phœnicians—their language, religion, and institutions, not only appear to have been similar, but identical; they not only traded with, but colonised Spain, the British Islands, and Celtic Gaul, expelling or extirpating the previous inhabitants, and planting therein their own people. Thus is the second question answered, and the long sought problem solved. Another question arose out of this investigation, viz., were ‘*the Welsh the ancient Britons who combated against Cæsar, and, after the fall of the Roman province of Britain into the hands of the Saxons, took refuge in Wales, and there maintained their independence, and handed down their language, laws, and institutions, to their descendants?*’ I had always considered the affirmative of this proposition true, and, although

a slight acquaintance with the Welsh language led to the conclusion that it varied essentially from the Gaelic, still it appeared but a *variance*, and I considered the two languages, in their origin, essentially the same. Finding, however, discrepancies and anomalies in the notion of the Welsh being the ancient Britons, which appeared irreconcilable, I determined, in the first instance, to examine more particularly the construction of the Welsh language, and was surprised to find that it differed totally from the Gaelic, and had not, in fact, the slightest affinity, unless it could be considered an affinity that a few words are to be found in each tongue, which have the same or similar meaning. Having thus ascertained that the Welsh and Gael must have been a totally distinct and separate people, and, therefore, that the ancestors of the Welsh could not have been the Britons who fought with Cæsar, as they were undoubtedly Gael, the question then arose—*who were the Welsh, and when did they become possessed of Wales?* Thus did another difficulty present itself, of no small magnitude, which, however, was eventually surmounted. Lhuyd and Rowland, two of the most eminent Welsh writers, had unwillingly been coerced into the opinion, that a people, who spoke the Irish language, were the predecessors of the Welsh in Wales, and gave names to most of the places in that country and all parts of England; and that Welsh names of rivers and places were only to be found in the eastern and southern parts of Scotland; therefore, it appears clear, that the Picts who inhabited that country must have been the ancestors of the Welsh, and that they conquered Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, on the fall of the Roman empire; and, calling themselves *Cymbri*, they were a colony of the *Cimbri*, a people who once inhabited the neighbouring coasts of Jutland, the ancient Cimbric Chersonesus, the country opposite the land of the Picts. Thus is the origin and history of the Gael and Cimbri placed on its true basis, and that is now in harmony which, heretofore, was confused, anomalous, and contradictory. The false statements respecting the received history of the Welsh had their origin in the fabrications of Geoffrey of Monmouth, in the early part of the twelfth century. Of the previous writers, Gildas is totally inconsistent with Geoffrey's statement; and such parts of the book ascribed to Nennius as were really written by him, clearly support Gildas, and go to establish the fact that the ancient Britons were Gael. Indeed there is nothing against that idea but the contemptible fabrications of Geoffrey and the Welsh Triads, which are too palpable fictions to weigh as a feather in the balance. The earliest authorities derive the word Scot and Scoti from *Scyth*, or *Scythian*. Nennius, who quotes the Irish writers, calls them *Scoti*, and *Scothi*, and brings them from Spain. By the Anglo-Saxon writers, they are generally called *Scyts*, and *Scytisc*. Pinkerton derives it from *scelte*, *dispersed*, *scattered*. Chalmers from *Scuite*, or *sculte*, a *small body of men*. Where was this interpretation found? It is not Gaelic. Macpherson derives the same from *coit*, a *wood*, (Welsh, *coed*)—*coit* is Gaelic for a boat, or coracle of wicker, covered with a skin. Macpherson gives *scute*, a *ship*. Vallancey supposes that Scoti and Scythi must mean the same people, and endeavours to discover evidence to make the Irish Indo-Scythians, conceiving that the word must have been derived from the country which they originally inhabited. The Irish fable derives Scot from *Scote*, a daughter of one of the Pha-

roahs. The Gaelic word *sculte*, however, signifies a *wanderer*, a person of nomadic habits: perhaps every people of a rambling character were included under the name of Scythians, without reference to the country they inhabited, or the family of the human race from which they sprung. Thus all the Tartar race in the northern regions of Asia and Europe, and a great part of Germany, were styled Scythians. The Irish, in later times, were called by their neighbours, Scoti: they were denominated Hiberni by Eumenius; but his contemporary, Porphyry, speaks of the *Scotica Gentes*, meaning the Scottish nations inhabiting Britain. The Roman writers, however, did not include the Scots of the British islands among the Scythian nations, but distinctly called them Scoti. Bede calls the Picts a Scythian nation, who were certainly from the north of Europe. The Gaelic *Scuite*, or *wanderer*, was a name the Phenicians, of all other nations, may be said to have appropriately merited. Their wanderings were more extended than any other nation: they first passed the Pillars of Hercules, and launched into the bosom of the interminable ocean, as it was then considered; in fact, it was they who gave it the name of *ocean*; *olce*, *sea*, *cean*, *head*, or *chief*—the *chief sea*. *Scot*, *Scuite*, and *wanderer*, is but a translation of the name by which the Phenicians were known to the Greeks and the ancients. *Phanice* is a wanderer by sea; *peln*, a *ploughman*; *olce*, of the sea; a *mariner*; a wanderer by sea. They were called Phenicians, or Phenice, before they settled on the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. Herodotus tells us they were called by the Arabians *Homericæ*, a name which means the same thing as *Phanice*, in Greek, viz. *navigators*; for Greek should be understood the Phenician word adopted by the Greeks, for the name, properly speaking, has no meaning in Greek; and the most absurd guesses have been ventured to explain it in Greek, none of which are at all feasible. *Scut* is a Gaelic name for a *ship*; and *scut* *dulne*, *shipman*, the very meaning of the word Phenice; a word also from the same root, as *sculte*, from its wandering or travelling over the sea. These two words, or rather the compound word, is pronounced *skidden*, literally a *shipman*, or *mariner*. It may be objected that the *Britons* and *Gauls* were Gael, as well as the Irish, and, therefore, why were they not also called *Scoti* by ancient writers? It is not to be expected that a negative can be proved; they may originally have been called *Scots*, and *wanderers*, and have ceased to be so denominated when they acquired settled habits, before the Greeks and Romans were acquainted with them. The Irish, who were unquestionably called *Scoti* by the lower Roman writers, and *Scuits* by the Anglo-Saxons, have long lost that name, which is now exclusively applied to the inhabitants of North Britain. A highlander, however, the genuine descendant of the Albanian Scoti, will not at this day call himself a *Scot*; if asked his country in his own tongue, he will answer either that he is *Albanach* or *Gael*. He will never think of saying I am Scot. We have, therefore, two strong facts to account for the disuse of such a term by the British and Gaulish Gael. Although the foregoing derivation certainly is probable, there is another which appears very likely to be the modern origin of the name. The name *Scot* was not heard of until about the decline of the Roman empire, and may, therefore, have been applied, for the first time, to the hordes of wandering predatory Irish

who infested the western coasts of Britain. It should also be remembered that the Britons spoke Gaelic, and would naturally call the roaming pirates *Scuits*, which afterward was applied to the Irish nation generally, and was eventually adopted by the Albanian Scots themselves. Their country naturally received the name of Skuytland from the Saxons. It has been my object to adduce evidence perfectly free from even the suspicion of Irish predilection or bias; it will be found that few Irish authorities have been quoted, except the Gaelic language itself. Even for the Irish history, the account given by Nennius and Giraldus Cambrensis have been preferred to Irish MSS. or Keating's History, although it should be admitted, in candour and fairness to that learned writer, that his real history, in the original, is very superior to the spurious English translation, published by Dermot O'Connor. The Milesian story, however, will eventually be found grounded in truth; and, although but a faint and imperfect sketch, it is the true history of the first settlement of the Celts in Europe. The following pages are now laid before the critical and intelligent with no small portion of anxiety; they appear to me to demonstrate, that ancient colonies of Phenicians settled in Spain, Ireland, Britain, and Gaul, long before the Christian era, and that they called themselves Gael, and Gaeltach, or Celtæ; and that the Irish, the Gael of Scotland, and the Manks, are now the only descendants of that ancient people who speak their language. I have endeavoured to place the subject in a clear and perspicuous light, and leave it now to the decision of competent judges, fully aware that received opinions of history and national prejudices are very difficult to be removed, or even shaken; but feeling strongly impressed with the truth of my statements and deductions, I venture to launch my little vessel, inviting, rather than deprecating criticism—my object being truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is one point, however, on which some allowance and indulgence may be expected—that is, in the numerous names of rivers and places, which have been collated; some may have been mistaken, but the definitions given will, it is conceived, generally be found correct. The names of places of which I have personal knowledge are so palpably descriptive, that I feel little apprehension for the accuracy of those I am unacquainted with. If these names be correctly explained, what an important and valuable addition they make to geographical knowledge, and what new lights do they throw on ancient history! The attempts of the most learned and intelligent historians to explain the names of places, have not been founded on the language which those who conferred the names spoke, and, therefore, were erroneous and delusive. The English critic now possesses ample and efficient means of investigating these etymologies, as no less than four good dictionaries of the Gaelic language have issued from the press within a few years; that is to say, the Irish and English Dictionary, by Edward O'Reilly; a new edition of O'Brien's Irish and English Dictionary, which contains much valuable topographical information; Armstrong's Scottish Gaelic Dictionary; and, lastly, the splendid work published under the auspices of the Highland Society of Scotland, the most copious and enlarged of all. These works will assist the critic and the scholar to examine much more satisfactorily than formerly, and to them an appeal is made with confidence. Ancient history has

been obscured, rather than elucidated, by the Greek and Roman writers, who have endeavoured to weave into their own story the incidents of the history of the Phœnicians; and both those nations apparently endeavoured to destroy the records of the people to whom they were indebted for their literature and primary elements of civilisation. The Phœnician language has been for two thousand years unknown, that is, *with any certainty*; at all events, so imperfectly understood, that all attempts to explain even the shortest inscription found upon coins, medals, or marbles, have been but vague and uncertain guesses. Spanheim, Bochart, and Gebelen, have endeavoured to render them intelligible through the Hebrew, but their attempts have been abortive, or very imperfectly successful—though kindred tongues, the affinity of the Hebrew with the Phœnician is too distant to be useful for such a purpose. The Phœnicians, although co-descendants of Shem, through Eber, with the Jews, had so much intercourse with other nations, that their language became very much mixed and changed, while the Hebrew remained stationary and pure. The discovery that in the Irish a people still exist who speak the language of the Phœnicians is of the first historical importance, for by it Phœnician inscriptions may be deciphered, and the extent of their commerce and navigation traced by the ancient names of places in the world known to the ancients."

We need scarcely add, that a book which contains so much of interest and intelligence on inquiries so interesting to every intelligent mind, must attract universal regard.

*Voyages round the World; with selected Sketches of Voyages to the South Seas, North and South Pacific Oceans, China, &c. performed under the command and agency of the Author: also, Information relating to important late Discoveries, between the Years 1792 and 1832; together with the Report of the Commander of the first American Exploring Expedition patronised by the United States Government, in the Brigs Scorch and Annawan, to the Southern Hemisphere.* By Edmund Fanning. 8vo. pp. 499. London, 1834. Rich.

THIS is a collection of American voyages during the last forty years; and offers a fair and ingenious view of the early navigation of the rising republic. Capt. Fanning is a plain, straightforward sailor, of greater experience in sea affairs than in penmanship; but what his narrative wants in style and polish, it amply makes up in honesty, humanity, and candour. Many friendly traits of intercourse between the English and Americans meeting in distant regions throw a pleasant colour over his work; while its nautical intelligence and adventurous stories are well calculated to render it a favourite with the general reader.

The author belongs to a good and highly respected family, well known and valued both in this country and in the land of their adoption. He was early initiated in the mercantile service, and has latterly been a leading and directing head of many enterprises undertaken by private capitalists and traders, as well as by his government, to explore new sources of commercial prosperity. Of these a few extracts will shew the character, and also the manner in which they are described.

In the beginning of his career, Fanning was brought prisoner to Falmouth, the mayor of which port he dignifies with the title of lord; his lordship was, however, very friendly to him, and helped him greatly in getting the

captured vessel released. In 1797, 8, 9, he sailed round the world in the *Betsey*, a merchantman from New York; at the close of which, he says, "Thus successfully terminated the author's first voyage around the world, performed under the blessings of a kind superintending Providence, without the loss of a man: and this he believes to be the first American vessel, officered and manned wholly by native born citizens, that ever sailed round the world from the port of New York." In this voyage, after visiting the Marquesas, of which the account is interesting, Capt. F. discovered several new isles; and tells us:—

"The north and south islands were each about nine miles in length; the other, the easternmost one, stretching to the northward and southward, and adjacent to the eastern ends of the two first mentioned, was about six miles in length, the whole three forming a most spacious bay, with good anchorage and good harbours. At noon, being off the north-west port, we hauled in under easy sail, over a bank which lays off the western end of the islands, where a ship, abreast of a passage into the bay, may anchor under their lee. On gaining this position we hove to, hoisted out the boat, manned her, and pulled up through the passage. The landing we found perfectly smooth, and effected by resting the bows of the boat on a small sandy beach, at the starboard hand, as we passed into the bay. On the south island, and near by a grove of cocoa-nut trees, whose fruit then lay strewn around, covering the ground from one to three feet deep, and seemed to have ripened and thus fallen for many years past; our boat's crew, having formed themselves in a line from these to the boat, very quickly loaded her from the upper course of those nuts which had fallen last, by passing them briskly from one to another; meanwhile, I employed myself in taking a kind of fish, much like the striped bass. Of these there were great quantities continually crowding against the boat, so that it was an easy matter to spear and take them, without letting the shaft of the grains go out of the hand. After getting upwards of fifty, weighing from five to twelve pounds each, I desisted, supposing that this number would be full as many as we could consume on board ship before they should spoil: when cooked, they were found to be very finely flavoured, and good eating. The sharks here are very numerous; and while the boat was on her passage into the bay, before she entered the pass, they became so exceedingly ravenous around her, and so voracious withal, as frequently to dart at, and seize upon her rudder and the oars, leaving thereon many marks of their sharp teeth and powerful jaws; but so soon as she left the pass and entered within the bay, they deserted her, their stations being instantly occupied by multitudes of fish, less rapacious, yet infinitely more valuable. When the boat was loaded, accompanied by an officer, the steward going along, we took a stroll into the interior for a few minutes, among the upland grass and groves of various kinds of trees, without being able to discover any of the valuable bread-fruit tree. At the barren spots, the birds, boobies, noddies, and the like, were quietly sitting on their nests, so fearless and gentle, as to be easily taken by the hand; yet, in self-defence, sometimes pecking sufficiently hard to draw blood. Amongst the birds, was one species about the size of our robin, with a breast of scarlet-coloured feathers, the under portion of the body being finished off with bright red, the neck of a golden colour; back,

a lively green, with a yellow beak, except the very points, which were of a light dun colour; the wings and tail being both of a jet black, and the last tipped off with white: it was a most beautiful and lovely bird, with its brilliant and richly variegated plumage. We were much chagrined, while observing these, to see a man-of-war hawk flying by with one in his mouth, apparently having just caught it. At 6 P.M. returned to the ship, with the result of our afternoon's operations.

"These islands are situated in latitude 3° 51' 30" north, longitude 159° 12' 30" west, and, as before stated, are three in number, exclusive of the islets. We gave them the name of Fanning's Islands, and by this they have been recorded, and remain on the charts in use."

The following extract is characteristic:—

"July 4th. We had a light trade breeze, with delightful weather, all of which was very fortunate for us, as by this means we were, in some small degree at least, and to the best of our capacities, keen appetites, and plenty of edibles considered, enabled to add to the rejoicings at home our mite, in the good old-fashioned way of enjoying a holiday—butchered our last Nuggoheeva hog, and with a full allowance of fresh pork, yams, sweet potatoes, cocoa-nuts, plum-pudding, and the like savoury dishes, managed matters to have a pretty jovial time of it, topping all off with a moderate glass, to prevent our choking; 'Hail, Columbia! happy land!' concluding the feast, and bringing therewith very forcibly to our minds, the thoughts of 'home, sweet home!' In the evening, a noddie lit on the yawl boat in the tackles at the ship's stern, and suffered itself to be taken, apparently nothing loath to assist in celebrating this our national anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. After suitably feeding, we allowed him to have his liberty again."

The noddie coming aboard to join chorus in "Hail, Columbia!" is amusing enough; we daresay it would make a patriotic representative of the sea-fowl, or a senator in the legislature of the U. S.

Capt. F. next made an exploratory and sealing voyage to the South Seas, in the corvette *Aspasia*, of 22 guns, but was not so successful as in his little *Betsey*. In the Bay of Islands (Capt. Cook's) the weather was most tempestuous, as is shewn by the annexed remarkable statement:—

"In the mountainous land which surrounds this harbour, there are a number of gullies (called gulches by the seamen); it is by these the gusts of wind in the heavy gales come rushing one after the other, with a rapidity and force that forbid any attempt to look to windward, oftentimes throwing the water over us, as in a heavy storm at sea. Some idea of the same may be had from the fact, that the light cedar whale-boat moored at the stern of the ship, and held by the warp at her bows, has been taken up by these violent gusts, and turned over and over, before again striking the water, the same as a feather attached to a thread and blowing in the wind."

From the rest of the voyages we select two or three illustrations. While lying in King George's Sound, "the natives unreservedly came to the officers and men at their different stations on shore while employed in the wooding and watering business, and readily assisted the men in bringing the wood to the beach, but could not refrain from indulging in their thievish disposition on every occasion that presented itself, immediately thereupon starting for the



woods and high grass; at first, a musket discharged over their heads frightened and induced them to return and restore the stolen article to the officer; but soon finding the discharges did them no harm, they refused to give them any notice; while their companions, who were standing among the ship's crew in the best humour imaginable, seemed scarcely to know that any thing wrong had occurred. Unwilling to harm these, the captain gave special directions for every one to keep on the alert, and, if possible, prevent any temptation from falling in their way. They were looked upon, by those on board the Catharine, as, in fact, the most miserable of human beings. It was scarcely possible to conceive the wretchedness of their condition; having no settled residences, they were constantly wandering about from one place to another, and were, as the crew called them, a species of one half human, the other belonging to the baboon. Two of the chiefs received an invitation from the captain to take breakfast on board the ship. He, having previously observed that his guests were remarkably fond of fried fish, had plenty of this prepared, together with a suitable quantity of coffee, bread, &c., for their own more particular gratification. The invited guests were placed at the after end of the cabin table, himself and officers seating themselves around; before each of the former, the steward, according to directions, had placed a goodly quantity of the fish. Knives and spoons, conveying too dainty a morsel for their liking, were left unemployed, hands the while performing the duty, and stuffing as much into their mouths as could there be crammed; as if fearful there was no more for them, another small lot was thrust in by way of filling up, the whole then being twisted and turned about so that the bones might work or be picked out at the corners of the mouth. In the effort to swallow such a tremendous portion, it was necessary to stretch the neck a little and bring the head forward, a performance somewhat like that acted out by our domestic fowls, who good naturedly have almost choked themselves with Indian meal, the execution requiring sundry laborious attempts to swallow the mass. When this was happily achieved, another mouthful was made to follow as speedily as might be. One of the chiefs, having his mouth thus comfortably filled, pointed to a dish of brown sugar, and the captain supposing he had set his affections upon having some, took a small matter of it in a tea-spoon, and, as well as he conveniently could, without being rude, put a little in this chief's mouth, along side of what was already there lodged, some crowding being necessary to do this, however. One would hardly have thought he could taste it; but he did, and, not at all liking it, gave one puff, and very unceremoniously blew fish and sugar, pell mell, over the dishes and table; the remains of the sugar, which had sought shelter behind his teeth, or elsewhere, being ejected in the same way. This the officers thought was rather too unpollite, and rose to leave the table; the captain, however, reminded them it was best not to regard the offence, lest the invited guests in turn would consider themselves offended. After calling to the steward for some other bread, fish, &c., they re-seated themselves, and concluded the repast in good humour. As to the chief, he had immediately replenished his mouth, carefully avoiding any more sugar, not waiting to be twice asked, either, so to do."

In taking the sea-elephant, Captain F. says, "In order to overcome the largest bulls, it is necessary to have a musket loaded with a brace

of balls; with this, advancing in front of the animal, to within a few paces, they will rise on the fore legs or flippers, and at the same time open the mouth widely to send forth one of their loud roars; this is the moment to discharge the balls through the roof of the upper jaw into the brains, whereupon the creature falls forward, either killed, or so much stunned as to give the sealer sufficient time to complete its destruction with the lance. They are frequently discovered sleeping, in which case the muzzle of the piece is held close to the head, and discharged into the brain. The loudest noise will not awaken these animals when sleeping, as it is not unusual, though it may appear singular, for the hunter to go on and shoot one without awaking those along side of it, and in this way proceed through the whole rookery, shooting and lancing as many as are wanted. The quantity of blood in these animals is really astonishing, exceeding, in the opinion of the author, double the quantity found in a bullock of the same weight."

The following is a singular tale of the western Falkland Islands:—

"A party of men under command of the first officer, Mr. B. Pendleton, were out on a sealing excursion, and had at evening pitched their encampment at a low island some twenty miles from the ship. The surface of this island was covered with coarse grass growing in the tussuc bogs, which are of various sizes, and spread near each other; the top of this grass is some feet above man's height, and the ground between the bogs covered with a thick layer of the dead grass, the growth of previous years, and so combustible withal, as when once on fire there is no possibility of extinguishing it. On such excursions as this, the crew, after hauling up and securing their boats, fall to work to make a sleeping hut (or nest, as they call it). For this purpose two large bogs are chosen at a good distance apart, and the inner borders of the grass then cut down fairly so as it were to form the walls; after this, the tops of the grass on the inner margin of each bog is strongly tied together to form the roof; over this is placed a thatch of grass of sufficient thickness to keep out the rain, be it ever so violent. Each end of the hut is then walled up tightly with portions of the bog, leaving at one end but a small opening by which to enter the premises; this again, when the crew are in, is closed by means of a dried skin secured to its place with wooden pins, the interior having a layer of the dried grass to answer for beds; so that when in, the men sleep warm and comfortably, and at times are rather loath to come out. These huts are placed as near each other as possible, or as the bogs will allow. While they are building, the cook makes his fire upon the beach, and prepares a supper of meat, with a cup of tea for each, all turning in after partaking of the same, except himself, who remains by the fire to extinguish it and prepare breakfast in the morning. This our cook, a good-natured, careful body, had always done; it appeared, however, that after extinguishing his fire, he was in the habit, unknown to the officers, of enjoying a comfortable smoke of his pipe after retiring with his mess to their hut. He had so done on this occasion; and after supposing his pipe was out, had laid it at his head as usual, but had not got sound asleep before it was discovered that the grass was on fire, no doubt originating from a spark out of the pipe. Unable to smother this, he awoke his shipmates to his assistance; their efforts failing, the officers were then called, who instantly alarmed the whole encampment. From

one of the rear huts, a young man (B.S. Cutler) was one of the last to awake, by which time the flames had nearly reached them; and as he came out of the hut not yet fairly awake, he became bewildered, and seeing the fire spreading around in front, retreated towards the interior of the island; but recovering his recollection, he mounted to the top of one of the tussuc bogs to take a survey, whence observing himself nearly surrounded by the flames, he concluded his shortest and safest way was to retrace his steps, and, if possible, pass through the sheet of fire to the boats. This he proceeded to effect; but having over his other garments a frock highly charged with oil from the fat or blubber of the seal skins which he had worked in, he had not more than entered the flames before it took fire; so that by the time he had crossed the burning grass, all his clothes were burnt to a cinder, and his body and limbs completely roasted; so much so, that after he had been plunged in the water and taken out, the skin cracked and came off with flesh attached to the remaining portions of the dress. Having, however, taken care to hold one of his hands over his mouth and nose while in the flames, he had imbibed but little, if any of it. Mr. Pendleton having heard that oil and fresh skins of animals was a good application in giving relief from burns, directed several of the penguins then near by to be killed, and their skins to be taken off with about half an inch in thickness of the fat and flesh attached. Binding them in this state around the roasted body of the young man, an immediate relief from pain resulted from it; then preparing a litter, the young man was forthwith taken to the ship, where, finding he had experienced so much benefit from the first application, I directed fresh skins to be brought from the shore; and in this way, for ten days, we replaced the dry with fresh skins twice in every twenty-four hours, the body the while being kept gently open, and the patient living on a light diet of gruel, soup, &c. No other application was made use of, and the rapidity of his recovery was truly astonishing; for a new skin, like as of an infant, grew over his person, and in one month's time he could move alone about the deck, and shortly after attend to his duty again. Those skins (and would not those of any fat animal have the same healing effect?) were soft to his wounds, and kept him always free from pain, except at the time of removing and replacing them."

The sea-tiger is so well painted that we will conclude with this picture.

"The head is shaped like that of the common seal, except that it is more elongated, the sockets of the eyes, too, being deeper and broader; it measures fifteen and a quarter inches from the extremity of the nose to the great hole of the occipital bone; the lower jaw, from the chin to the point of articulation with the upper jaw bone, is eleven and a half inches. A straight line drawn from one articulating process to the other, measures six inches. The number of teeth is thirty-two, four of which are tusks; the largest of these is an inch and a quarter in length, and one in circumference at the base; in each jaw were ten grinders; these immediately after emerging from their sockets, are divided into three distinct conical portions, the central one's being more than half an inch long, and the other two the fourth of an inch, all terminating with sharp points. The skin is covered with a thick, fine, and short hair on the back, of a grey colour, spotted with black, and white on the abdomen; the flippers are short and strong; the animal moves with

surprising velocity in the water, and in that element all its motions are indicative of great strength; their chief food consists of penguins. To catch these beautiful birds, when they are discovered at a distance, the tiger gets upon the windward side, and lies upon his back; in this position he floats upon the billows, with his head a little elevated, but all the while keeping his dark vigilant eye steadily fixed upon the ill-fated object of his pursuit; as soon as he is sufficiently near to secure his prey, he turns suddenly upon his belly, cleaves the billows with astonishing swiftness, and the next moment is seen plunging in the water with a penguin, weighing at times from forty to sixty pounds, in his capacious jaws. The tiger possesses undaunted courage and shrewdness; they frequently chased the crew of the Pacific while cruising in their boats. On one occasion, when two of the men were at a considerable distance both from the shore and schooner, they were discovered by one of these animals, some twenty feet in length, and six in circumference, which instantly pursued the boat with all speed, and when within ten or twelve feet, leaped for it, exposing to view at the same time, in the greatest rage, his sharp teeth. Failing in this attempt, he next essayed to upset the boat. One of the party then lodged a ball in his body; this only served to increase the animal's rage, and in another attempt to spring into the boat, he would have succeeded, but for a severe blow he received from a lance. Even after this his courage and perseverance were unabated, and it seemed as if he had resolved that neither the power nor the weapons of man should prevail against him. When, however, the second and third balls were lodged in him, his efforts ceased, and he was overcome. On another occasion, some of the crew were in the boat three miles from the schooner, when a large tiger was observed following in their wake; he betrayed no disposition to annoy them, but kept at a distance from the boat all the time. The seamen, unacquainted with his cunning, were induced to pursue him, but soon found their ignorance of the animal's character had betrayed them into very imminent danger, which they were now likely to pay very dearly for. The tiger waited their approach, and then commenced the battle, when the seamen instantly retreated for their vessel, and with the utmost difficulty succeeded in keeping him from upsetting them. Some of the sailors tasted the milk of the sea-tiger which they had killed, and found it excellent. By many persons it is supposed that the sea-tiger and walrus are the same; but they differ in several particulars, such as the number, size, shape, and relative position of the teeth, as well as in the form of the head, which of the walrus bears a strong resemblance to that of the human species."

Once more we commend this work to our readers, and particularly to the mercantile and nautical; and have only to add, that Captain Fanning very handsomely acknowledges the merit of Captain Weddell, in having sailed farther to the south than any other voyager.

*The Family Library, Vols. XLI. and XLII.; being the first two volumes of Universal History, from the Creation of the World. By the late Lord Woodhouselee. (To be completed in Six Volumes.) London, 1834. Murray.*

THE "Outlines of Universal History," published by the late Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, when professor of history in the University of Edinburgh, constitute a manual of great utility, and have accordingly gone through

numerous editions, both here and in America, and been adopted as a text-book, not only in many of the United States' seminaries, and in the colleges of Scotland, but even at Oxford, by some of the most distinguished tutors of that university. Those "Outlines" were in fact the "Syllabus," or detailed table of contents, to the popular and instructive course of lectures which Lord Woodhouselee was in the habit of delivering to his class at Edinburgh, and on the composition and correction of which he continued to labour during not less than thirty years. After retiring from the professional chair, he became a judge of the Court of Session, and employed his leisure hours in preparing for the press the *Lectures* themselves, of which the syllabus had been so well received. He was an honest and laborious man of letters, most elegantly accomplished, possessed of refined taste and generous and liberal feelings; and the time devoted to this work has not been thrown away. He has contrived to condense the universal history of the world, down to the establishment of the House of Hanover, within such limits that six volumes of the *Family Library* will place the whole before the public, in a compact neat form, and at a moderate cost; and yet we can safely say there is no dryness, no index-like sterility, in the execution. On the contrary, this is a singularly lively work, and very agreeable reading. Familiar as we may be supposed to be with the usual authorities for the period to which these opening volumes refer, we have gone through the whole without any sense of weariness. The secret is, that this is not a hasty compilation: every thing has been well digested in the mind of the author—every fact contemplated leisurely and in all points of view—and the whole arranged on logical principles; so that the reader has no difficulty in following the narrator's drift, but feels constantly that he is in the hands of a guide who has mastered the ground, and has a clear notion of every resting-place before him. We need not say what mischief has of late been done by the employment even of high talents in the absurd attempt to write *HISTORY CURRENTE CALAMO*. That does well enough for some sorts of composition; but here it is worse than worthless—it is positively injurious to the cause of literature; and every intelligent reader glances over pages so put together, no matter in what superficial brilliancy of effect, with a feeling of sorrow, and almost of individual shame.

When we consider that the only Universal History hitherto in the hands of the British public consists of some dozens of heavy and costly tomes, written, too, a hundred years ago, and therefore abounding in exploded views and disproved statements, it is impossible to doubt that the present work fills up an important vacuum. It must be found eminently useful to all engaged in the instruction of youth, whether in schools or colleges. It will be welcomed as a delightful source of amusement and knowledge in the private family—indeed, we know of no book better calculated for the use of young ladies especially, as the author has composed it with a delicacy of feeling never thought of by persons who engaged in works of such a class some generations back: and last, not least, the general scholar himself will here possess a book of easy reference, exact in dates, faithful in citing authorities, and embraced, when compared with any other bearing a similar title, in the bulk of a nut-shell.

Lord Woodhouselee's plan is thus described by himself in his opening chapter:—

"Ancient history will admit of a perspicuous

delineation, by making our principal object of attention the predominant states, first of Greece, and then of Rome; incidentally touching on the most remarkable parts of the subordinate nations of antiquity, when connected with, or relative to, the principal object. In the delineation of modern history a similar plan is pursued. The leading objects will be more various, and will more frequently change their place: a nation, at one time the principal, may become for a while subordinate, and afterwards re-assume its place as principal: but uniformity of design will still characterise this moving picture—the attention will always be directed to a predominant people."

The manner in which this has been carried into effect appears to us eminently skilful. At the close of Vol. I. we reach the death of Philip of Macedon, and the accession of Alexander the Great—a clear abstract of Asiatic and Egyptian history having been dove-tailed as we advance into the main texture of *Greek history*. In Vol. II., when the Romans first intermingle in the Greek affairs, we pass to the consideration of what becomes thenceforth "the predominant object;" and the origin and early history of the Roman and Carthaginian states occupies the centre of "the moving picture." The taking of Rome by the Gauls is the last great event included in Vol. II.; and no one can fail to admire the sagacity by which the historian had anticipated, in regard to most points of importance, the critical views lately developed by Niebuhr and other German literati.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Speculation: a Novel.* By Miss Pardoe, author of "Traits and Stories of Portugal." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Saunders and Otley. AN amusing book, but somewhat too much made up of the old materials; it wants originality, and is too diffuse in common-place reflections. *Speculation* is certainly very inferior to the spirited and entertaining sketches of Portugal.

*The Vulgarisms and Improperities of the English Language, &c.* By W. H. Savage. 18mo. pp. 131. London, 1834. Bumpus.

THIS little volume is almost as entertaining as it is useful. The preface is replete with judicious observations, and the illustrations of grammatical errors, tautology, and other common abuses of our mother-tongue, are not only valuable correctives, but amusing specimens of the faults exhibited.

*Valpy's Edition of the History of England, Vol. IV.*

BRINGS us down to the end of the reign of Mary.

*An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a Penal Settlement and a British Colony.* By J. D. Lang, D.D. Senior Minister of the Scots Church, &c., Sydney. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1834. Cochrane and McCrone.

*Observations on the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.* By J. Henderson. Pp. 180. Baptist Press, Calcutta.

DR. LANG's history tends to encourage the emigration of respectable settlers to New South Wales; and a good map illustrates his discussions. Mr. Henderson's essay is principally directed to the diffusion of education in these colonies, and to natural history and geological investigations; in which pursuits he traversed the country in several directions, and endured

very considerable hardships. Both works are entitled to the attention of those who take an interest in these remote possessions of the British crown.

*A History of France, &c.* By Mrs. Jamieson, author of a "History of Spain." Pp. 523. London, 1834. Edwards.

THE gracious and graceful words, "fourth edition," on the title-page of this volume speak a whole favourable critique for us; and we need only say that Mrs. Jamieson's neatness, impartiality, and assiduity, have deserved the success.

*The Parish Officer's Legal Adviser, &c.* By John Brady and J. N. Mahon. Pp. 185. Whittaker and Co.

A USEFUL compilation for churchwardens and other parochial officers; and particularly so, when almost every parish in the country is divided in opinion, and emulous of legislation.

#### RELIGIOUS.

*Sacred Classics, Vols. III. IV. V.* Hatchard and Son.

MR. CATTERMOLE and Mr. Stebbing assiduously and ably proceed with their *Cabinet Library of Divinity*. Dr. Cave's "Lives of the Apostles" is introduced by a sensible essay by the latter, and forms Vol. III.; Vol. IV. contains Dr. Bates's "Spiritual Perfection," temp. Charles II., with an introduction by Dr. J. Pye Smith; and Vol. V. is a selection from the Scriptural writings of Dr. Hall, the Bishop of Norwich, with notes and illustrations by Mr. Cattermole. Each volume is most worthy of the series of which it is part.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHARD LANDER.

WE have a melancholy satisfaction in inserting the following unaffected and affecting letter from the brother, and once African companion, of the lamented Richard Lander. The feelings expressed with so much simplicity of heart by his deeply attached brother are honourable to him and to our common nature, and cannot fail to be read with true sympathy.

With regard to the calamity which has deprived us of so interesting a traveller, we have not much to add to the information already public. Poor Lander was doing so well after his return to Fernando Po, that to the very day previous to his death, when he took some food with appetite, no doubt was entertained of his speedy recovery. But, alas! on that day mortification of the wound in his left thigh ensued, and all hope was abandoned. So rapid was his prostration that he died soon after midnight; having given such directions respecting his affairs as the shortness of the fatal warning permitted. While on his sick bed, it is a consolation to learn that every possible and needful aid was his. In the airiest room of Colonel Nicoll's residence, receiving the unremitting attention of that humane and gallant officer, with the best medical assistance and most soothing services, his pains were alleviated and his spirit cheered. His body was laid in the grave amid the vivid regrets of the entire population, who accompanied the funeral; and an ardent desire is felt not only to discover who were the perpetrators of his foul murder, but signally to punish their crime. Colonel Nicoll will, of course, do all in his power to retrieve his papers and property; for he escaped with nothing but what he wore at the moment of attack, and was so much hurt in person as to be disabled even from writing. The natives up the country where he was so

much beloved, while they lament his loss, will, we doubt not, assist in investigating its cause—the proximity to the coast renders it indeed too probable that it was prompted by parties engaged in the slave trade.

From what passed in the House of Commons on Thursday night, we observe that a pension of 70*l.* per annum is settled on his afflicted widow, and 50*l.* on his only child, a daughter. A fine boy died before his father. We now subjoin the letter alluded to: we owe it to the intense interest we have always taken in these brave and noble enterprises, which, sorrowful as is their termination, reflect a bright lustre upon the national character.

Dear Sir,—I have nothing to add to the account of the unfortunate occurrence as it appears in the newspapers, save that he was conscious of his approaching dissolution, talked with calmness to those around him, and anticipated the termination of his career with composure and with hope. The history of his adventurous life, with its perils, privations, and sufferings, is already before the world. He was born at Truro, in Cornwall, on the 8th of February, 1804, so that, at the period of his decease, he was within a few days of attaining his thirtieth year. In early boyhood he visited St. Domingo, where he remained for some time, and afterwards travelled in South Africa, from Cape Town inland to the farthest extremity of the colony. He was the sole survivor of Clapperton's last and fatal expedition to Central Africa, and succeeded in making his way, defenceless and alone, from Socotao, in Häussa, to Badagry, on the western coast—a long, difficult, and dangerous journey, through countries inhabited by a variety of tribes, by whom he was not only unmolested, but treated for the most part with kindness and liberality. His interesting and important expedition to trace the course of the Niger to its termination, and its successful issue, are already known to the public, who are indebted to Richard Lander for the solution of an intensely interesting question, which had engaged the attention of geographers for many centuries. It is a sorrowful reflection, that after all his painful toil and mental and bodily sufferings in the cause of African exploration—after having escaped, in a manner truly surprising, the treacherous and destructive influence of the climate, he should have met his death on the eve of returning to enjoy the fruits of his noble labours in the bosom of domestic peace, by the hands of heartless savages, amongst whom he was in the very act of endeavouring to introduce the blessings of civilisation and the arts of peace!

Richard Lander was of short stature, but he possessed great muscular strength, and a constitution of iron. No stranger could help being struck, as Sir Joseph Banks was with Ledyard, "with the breadth of his chest, the openness of his countenance, and the inquietude of his eye." He was gifted in an eminent degree with that passive courage which is so requisite a qualification in an African traveller. His manners were mild, unobtrusive, and highly pleasing, which, joined to his cheerful temper and ingenuous handsome countenance, rendered him a favourite with every one that knew him, by most of whom he was beloved in the fullest sense of the word. The many distinguished individuals of the metropolis to whose society he was introduced after his return from the Niger discovery will subscribe to the truth of this assertion; but no one knows, to the fullest extent, except the companions of his boyhood, and the friends of his riper years, the unaffected benevolence of his character, and the

excellence of his warm and generous heart. To them, and to every member of his disconsolate family, who were tenderly attached to him, his melancholy and most distressing fate will be the bitterest ingredient in the cup of life. So greatly was Richard Lander beloved by the untutored Africans, that at various places in the interior, where he had remained some time—at Katunga, Boussa, Yäoorie, and other places—numbers of the inhabitants ran out of their huts to embrace him on his leaving their town; and, with hands uplifted, and eyes filled with tears, they blessed him in the name of their god. He has left a fatherless child, and an afflicted, broken-hearted widow, to mourn their distressing bereavement.

How melancholy has been the fate of most travellers in Africa! The daring Ledyard, who had been a wanderer over a great part of the globe, fell a victim to the climate, not long after he first set foot on African soil; the brave but unfortunate Major Houghton, plundered and forsaken by the Moors of Ludamar, perished miserably in the wilderness; the justly celebrated Mungo Park was attacked by the natives with spears and arrows, and terminated his career in the Niger; Major Denham escaped all the dangers of the vast and dreary Sahara, only to die at Sierra Leone; Belzoni, in an attempt to explore the Niger, fell a sacrifice to the climate of Berin. Many European travellers in Africa have never been heard of after setting out on their journey; the enterprising, kind-hearted Clapperton, borne down by disappointment, and by a languishing disorder that reduced him to a skeleton, breathed his last in a wretched hovel at Socotao; and to complete the list, owing to the sullen ferocity of a band of savages, Richard Lander is also gone down to the grave. But the fate of these brave men is not an inglorious one; their names are embalmed in the memory of their countrymen; and every friend of humanity and honourable enterprise will mourn over the melancholy termination of their labours—

"To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die."

JOHN LANDER.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 5th.—Mr. Children, president, in the chair.—Amongst the visitors was the Chevalier Bassi, a distinguished entomologist of Milan. Numerous donations of books and insects were announced. A committee was appointed for superintending the publication of the Transactions of the Society. Letters were read from Signor Passerini, of Florence, and Dr. Hamerschmidt, of Vienna. Various exhibitions were made, including a large collection of fossil crustacea from the Isle of Sheppey, by the Rev. Mr. Hope. The following memoirs were read:—Descriptions of two new and singular baths from Swan River, and of various insects found in gum anime by Mr. Hope.—Remarks on a passage in Herodotus relative to a mode of defence employed by the fishermen of Egypt against the nightly attacks of gnats, and which had greatly perplexed the various commentators upon that author, by Mr. W. B. Spence.—Further observations upon the habits of the burrowing sand-wasps, by Mr. Shuckard, with reference to the employment of the spines of the hind legs of these insects in conveying materials to close up the mouths of their nests.—A further account of the supposed *cucullia thapsiphaga*, by Mr. Standish, and which Mr. Stephens pronounced to



be a distinct and new British species.—Observations upon the most effectual modes to be adopted for ascertaining successful remedies against the ravages of insects upon vegetable productions, with a short account of the onion-fly, by Mr. Westwood. This memoir, together with a letter which was read relative to the ravages of the grub of the tipula, led to an extended discussion; and it was suggested that the Society would gladly receive communications from any person not a member who had noticed the history of any of these destructive insects, or had discovered any successful remedy against their attacks.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Mr. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—Mr. Gage communicated an account of a late discovery of the remains of Thomas, duke of Exeter. In 1772 the body was found in the abbey church of St. Edmundsbury, enveloped in cerecloth, and wrapped in lead, in an extraordinary state of preservation. In the sixty-second volume of the Philosophical Transactions, is a report of the state of this body by Dr. Collingnon. The hands are now preserved at the College of Surgeons. The Rev. Mr. Thomas, in a recent excavation near the north-east pier of the centre tower of the abbey church, found the duke's remains, which had been replaced there after his disinterment in 1772, and furnished two or three remarks of interest on the subject. It appeared that the feet, as well as the hands, had been taken from the body.—Mr. Wordsley exhibited to the Society some coin-moulds, with a crucible and coins, found in Yorkshire, with a short description. A further portion was read of Mr. Otley's paper on Roman MSS.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

With every respect for the gentlemanly character, and for the general talents of the present President of the Royal Academy, and duly estimating, as we do, his powers in the walk of art in which he so eminently excels, we regret that in the exhibition at Somerset House, which opened to the public on Monday last, some subject of greater importance and interest (to say nothing further) was not permitted to occupy the situation of his *Ariadne*. It is to that quarter of the Great Room that old recollections naturally direct the eye on entering; and if disappointed, as we apprehend every one will be in the present year, an unfavourable impression is created, of which it is difficult to get the better.

Above the line in this room there are only two performances of that historical or poetical character, on which alone the British school of art must, nevertheless, found its claim to rank with the schools of the other nations of Europe. The fact, we fear, is, that pictures of the kind and dimensions of those to which we allude, are in almost every case produced at the expense and risk of the artist; and may be considered as voluntary sacrifices on his part to maintain the honour of this country. Mr. Hilton, as in many former well-remembered instances, has come nobly forward in the cause. His *Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold* is worthy of him, and is treated in the grandest style of historical art. The *Cymon and Iphigenia* of Mr. Patten is also managed with considerable talent, and shews the rising powers of this young artist to much advantage. These

(besides the portraits) are, as we have already remarked, the two leading features of the Great Room. There are, however, a number of smaller productions of great and varied excellence, some of the most striking of which we shall rapidly enumerate; reserving more particular comment (if we feel it to be necessary) for a future occasion.

We may say, then, that our attention was especially called to the purity and sweetness of Mr. Calcott's *Dutch Peasants waiting the return of the Passage-boat*,—*Returning from Market*,—and *Cologne*; to the poetical imagination and splendid colouring of Mr. Turner's *Golden Bough*,—*Fountain of Indolence*,—and *Venice*; to the powerful expression and deep tones of Mr. Wilkie's *Spanish Mother*, and *Not at Home*; to the exquisite feeling, with respect both to human and to animal nature, of Mr. Landseer's *Scene of the Olden Time at Bolton Abbey*, and *Highland Breakfast*; to the fine sentiment, and delicate flesh-tints of Mr. Eastlake's *Escape of Francesco di Carrara and Taddea d'Este (his wife) from the power of Galeazzo Visconti*, *Duke of Milan*; to the rustic beauty and incident of Mr. Collins's *Cottage Hospitality*; to the pathos of Mr. Allan's *Orphan*; to the oriental richness and variety of Mr. Daniell's view *On the Island of Ceylon, near (what a name!) Unnakundappatahna*,—*Calcutta, from Garden-house Reach*,—and *Mosque at Multra*; to the Velasquez-like vigour and simplicity of Mr. Etty's *Cardinal*; to the truth and vivacity of Mr. Witherington's *Reaping*; to the humour and spirit of Mr. Stephanoff's *Scene from the Barber of Seville*; to the admirable composition and finished execution of Mr. Briggs's *Friar Lawrence*; to the whimsicality, approaching, it must be confessed, to caricature, of Mr. Buss's *Time and Tide wait for no man*; to the daylight effect of Mr. Cooper's *Greeks with Arab Horses*; &c. &c. &c.

Passing into the School of Painting, Mr. Stanfield demanded our admiration of his magnificent and thickly-populated *Piazza di San Marco*; Mr. Hart, of his animated *Quarrel Scene between Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham*; Mr. Uwins, of his gay and sunshiny *Festa of Pie di Grotta*; Mr. Lee, of his exquisitely natural *Throwing the Casting-net*; Mr. Andrews, of his well-grouped and characteristic *Mary, Queen of Scots, waiting the issue of the Battle of Langside Hill*; Mr. Allan, of his interesting *Polish Exiles conducted by Bashkirs on their way to Siberia*; Mr. J. S. Cooper, of his faithful and carefully finished *Milking-time*; Mr. Havell, of his gorgeous and skillfully treated *Capuchin Friars at the Camaldoli*, so well contrasted with the solemnity of his *Nuns at a Convent near Torre del Greco*; Mr. Brockedon, of his sublime *View in the Southern Alps*, &c. &c. &c.

Of the performances in the Ante-Room, the most prominent is unquestionably Mr. McClise's *Installation of Captain Rock*; which is the most extraordinary union of the awful and the ludicrous, and the most exuberant, and at the same time eccentric, display of rare and masterly talent, in every quality of the art, that ever came under our notice. The visitor will also be highly gratified by the fine linear and aerial perspective of Mr. Davis's *Interior of the Gallery at Florence*; the strict adherence to nature of Mr. Knight's *David Deans*; the appropriate character and skilful execution of Mr. Clater's *Dirk Hatteraick and Meg Merrilies in the Smuggler's Cave*; the fresh and sparkling hues of Mr. Watts's *Lock near Manchester*, and *Road Scene*; the powerful expres-

sion and singularly broad handling of Mr. Decamp's *Bitch defending her Young*; &c. &c. (To be continued.)

#### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Third and concluding notice.]

WHERE there are two of a name in the same Society, mistakes will sometimes happen. In our last (copying the Catalogue) we have attributed No. 286 to J. M. Wright, instead of J. W. Wright. We proceed to notice

No. 331. *Donna Lauretta relating the Amours of her youth to Don John and Peter*. J. M. Wright.—The subject is taken from an old novel, called "The Inconstant;" and is treated in a similar style of humour to most of this artist's well-known designs from the comic scenes of Shakspeare; of which "Lance and his Dog" has left the most forcible impression on our memory.

No. 123. *Tibbie Inglis*. S. Austin.—Simple and beautiful as the ballad itself, Mr. Austin's Tibbie Inglis is still purely rustic. In the arts, and on the stage, it is too frequently the practice to disguise characters like this by making them artificial and affected.

No. 277. *Wild Flowers*. F. Stone.—It would seem that girls gathering wild flowers, and who are, figuratively, wild flowers themselves, should belong to the rustic class also; and to find them dressed in the quaint and obsolete costume of our great-grandmothers, appears a little out of character. It is, however, a beautiful performance. No. 49, *The Accusation*, and No. 298, *The Reverie*, by Mr. Stone, are also clever and pleasing examples of his talents.

No. 244. *Abon Hassan in the Palace of the Caliph of Bagdad*. J. Stephanoff.—A subject well calculated to exercise a vivid imagination, furnishing, as it does, materials in scenery and costume the most splendid and various; and, above all, affording an opportunity for displaying a powerful and entertaining expression of doubt, ecstasy, and wonder in the countenance of the metamorphosed Abon Hassan. Of all these advantages Mr. Stephanoff has ably availed himself; and has produced a very powerful and attractive performance.

No. 375. *Spanish Contrabandista, &c.* F. Lewis.—Through the medium of those justly celebrated novels, "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," our earliest associations are connected with every thing belonging to Spain and Spaniards; and in the several subjects in which Spanish manners and habits are depicted by the pencil of this able artist, the sunlight of memory throws a gleam of pleasure over the past, which is momentarily enjoyed in the present. There are none of these performances which excite more interest, or display more variety in character and costume, than the one under notice.

No. 246. *Church of Santa Salute, Venice*. C. Bentley.—Artists have drawn so largely on the city of Venice, that it has become difficult to impart novelty to the character of further supplies. Mr. Bentley has, however, succeeded in the attempt, by giving motion to the surrounding waters, instead of adhering to the calm, or, at most, the gentle ripple, generally seen in the works of Canaletti and others.

No. 96. *Part of Old Shorham Church*, and No. 98, *Cottage at Bramber*, W. Scott.—Admirable examples of the picturesque; as are also No. 199, *Old Houses at Tintern*, by the same artist. To which may be added, No. 204, *Old Houses, Clovelly*, W. Evans. So much in request are these time-tinted relics, that we

cannot imagine an exhibition or a collection complete without them.

No. 201. *Entrance to St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.* Joseph Nash.—In addition to this perfect specimen of the olden style of architecture, Mr. Nash has given the picturesque costume of the period to the figures which he has introduced, than which nothing can be more judicious. The effect is that of a gay Venetian scene.

No. 241. *A Covenant.* A. Chisholm.—A fine example of vigorous old age, in which, instead of "a good soft pillow for a good white head," are assumed the Bible, the bonnet, and the sword; and under the guise of sanctity appears a spirit ready alike to suffer or to inflict. The artist has been fortunate in obtaining so excellent a model, and equally so in its representation.

We must now close our notice of this interesting exhibition. From its institution to the present day, (a period of above thirty years,) the Society of Painters in Water-Colours has invariably produced examples of the highest order in almost every department of art; and with less admixture of inferior talent than any other of its contemporary galleries or collections of modern works. We must repeat our first assertion, that "though we have praised warmly, we have still left unmentioned many works which deserved no common panegyric." But the Exhibition at Somerset House, the press of other matter, and our limits, must be our apology.

#### LOUGH'S CENTAURS AND LAPITHÆ.

WE have just enjoyed the pleasure of inspecting this bold and magnificent group, which shows that the irrepressible spirit of enterprise, combined with genius, is yet alive in our national school, and only wants right encouragement to draw forth its noblest efforts. Theseus, the combat of Centaurs and Lapithæ, is a subject of the highest classical importance; and the monstrous shapes of equine-man in the fiercest struggle with the heroic and athletic forms of Greece, while those of female beauty are tossed about in helplessness and despair, have afforded the sculptor glorious materials for his powerful design. There are seventeen figures, in great variety of posture and action—dying and grappling with death. The composition altogether is imposing and splendid. The size of the cast, the largest we ever saw, adds much to the striking effect; and the adventure on such a work in these days, while it speaks volumes for the ardour of Mr. Lough, must increase the public admiration of those talents which surmounted every early difficulty: its execution will augment his fame, and prove how worthily that admiration has been bestowed.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Norway. By Edward Price, Esq. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

The singularly wild and sublime scenery of Norway, with all its rapid transitions and magnificent diversity of fi-ords, fi-elds, and forests, has what in these days of research is the very peculiar advantage of being little known to the rest of Europe, except by the descriptions of Dr. Clarke and other travellers. This circumstance enhances the value of Mr. Price's work. We say, emphatically, "enhances," because the intrinsic beauty and picturesque character of his views, twenty-one in number, render them objects of admiration in themselves, without regard to the consideration of novelty. Invariably grand in their

general effect, they are sufficiently satisfactory in the minuteness of their details, and have been most ably engraved in mezzotint by Mr. Lucas. Of the Journal by which they are accompanied, and which contains abundant proofs of the enthusiasm of Mr. Price for his art, we may probably take an opportunity of speaking in another part of our publication.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

THIS new and more appropriate name has been assumed by the Society heretofore designated for the Suppression of Juvenile Vagrancy, and of which Captain Brenton, R.N., has been the zealous and indefatigable apostle. We rejoice to find that its permanency and usefulness are now placed on a sure and more extensive footing. At the fourth annual meeting on Saturday, the report was of a very favourable character. The funds had increased with the increasing numbers of the youthful destitute,\* rescued from ruin by their judicious and charitable application. During the year no fewer than 276 hapless boys and 39 girls received admittance. Of the former, 213 had been shipped for settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, and 28 had been discharged and provided for by their friends. Only three had been expelled, and a few absconded. The committee had turned their views towards Canada for the future provision of their *protégées*, and every prospect of the institution was greatly improved; while its present state of prosperity enabled it to devise farther means for enlarging the sphere of its humane and Christian activity.

Having our attention called to this excellent association by the meeting alluded to, we seize the occasion to impress upon the public mind the truly benevolent nature of the objects to promote which it has been founded, and the purposes to which it is so prudently devoted. At the school at Hackney Wick 416 boys and 40 girls, saved from the vicious streets and degrading workhouses, have been placed under a well-arranged system of discipline and tuition. The principle developed consists of a course of beneficial labour in agriculture and branches of mechanic arts, combined with moral and religious instruction; under the eye of constant inspection, and sweetened by the infusion of kind treatment. Thus superintended and employed, the idle and disorderly soon, in general, acquire habits of industry and content; what is bad in them is repressed—what good, strengthened and confirmed. The little lawless ruffian, whose career seemed, through no fault of his own, but the mere accident of situation and evil example, to be most fatally destined, is redeemed from a life of wretchedness, and made a valuable member of society. Apprenticed out, or located in the colonies, at their own free will and with proper precautions, the world is all before them where to seek their useful station, instead of that miserable world of sin and crime to which their early and unshielded days were limited.

The still more unfortunate females of the same class are now taken more especially into protection; and the prospectus informs us, that under the immediate patronage of the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Duchesses of Buccleugh, Roxburgh, Northumberland, Sutherland, the Marchioness of Cornwallis, and other ladies of high rank and influence,

"The Society, which has hitherto chiefly confined its exertions to the education of destitute boys, and then

\* £4,165, or four times the amount of any preceding year, had been received.

putting them out as apprentices to respectable persons, chiefly in the colonies, has determined upon extending the same kind of aid to poor girls who may require such assistance. Respectable active females, who have been educated so as to form intelligent and useful servants, are much wanted at the Cape of Good Hope, in the Canadas, and some other healthy British colonies, where hitherto but few females have been sent from England. It is proposed to admit girls between nine and fourteen years of age. They are to remain in the Asylum until the committee consider that good and respectable habits have been so far acquired, that hope may be reasonably entertained of their making useful servants when sent to the colonies, where they will be apprenticed to trades, or as domestic servants, with a due attention to their health and welfare."

Other provisions are detailed; and we learn with pleasure that desirable premises for the "Victoria Asylum" have recently been taken at the Mall, at Chiswick; and the ladies named have undertaken to act as a committee for its management. Already, indeed, have they warmly entered upon the discharge of these duties so honourable to their sex.

We have but little to add to this exposition. The institution speaks so forcibly for itself, that every unbiassed judgment, and every feeling heart, must wish God's blessing upon it. Captain Brenton's pamphlets go more into the detail; and Howard himself has not merited a purer gratitude than has this distinguished officer for his exertions in the cause of these forlorn and doomed creatures—the incipient ulcers of the social frame, themselves masses of corruption, and of sheer necessity fated to spread the infection throughout the sounder parts. In all the views of our fellow-beings around us, there is none more pitiable and distressing than to witness the depravity of children, before reason has begun to operate or discretion to guide; and when we recollect that this depravity is not inherent in them, or of their own seeking, but the creation of circumstances over which they can have no control, we the more earnestly implore the happier orders to join in this endeavour to open the gates of virtue to their approach. If there be joy in heaven over one sinner who hath repented, surely there must be joy on earth when many are snatched like brands from the fire:—joy in the bosoms of those who have contributed to so holy a result—the giver and the receiver equally blessed.

#### DRAMA.

##### COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday the ancient King's Theatre ballet of *Cendrillon* was produced here as a novelty, entitled the *Fairy Slipper*. Some of the scenery was gorgeous; and the French dancing instructive. A ball, *à la Gustavus*, enhanced the attractions of the tiresome scene.

##### VICTORIA.

ON Thursday a new version of Massinger's *Unnatural Combat* was produced here, under the title of *the Fatal Passion*. Mr. Elton, who has adapted it to the modern stage, has shewn much taste and judgment; and the finest points and most striking passages are brought in with great effect. Still there is a radical defect in the texture no ingenuity can eradicate. The horrible passion of the father for his daughter, on which the original play hinges, would not be tolerated now for a moment by an audience—yet making Theocrite only the Admiral's ward, takes away the wherefore of the whole drama. There is in this case no reason for Malefort's excessive remorse and horror. We see no reason why he should not marry his ward as well as another. Mr. Elton's conception of the character was good—his first entrance was bold and striking—so was his combat with his son: the fiendish hate with which

he gazed upon the body was the very expression of Massinger's speech. The death-scene was marred by an unfortunate accident—the thunderbolt fell too soon. This, however, was one of those unlucky chances which another night will completely rectify; and we do not doubt that the next representation will realise the promise given by Mr. Elton's performance in the commencement of the scene.

In the afterpiece, Mrs. Egerton repeated her original character of *Madge Wildfire*, in the *Heart of Mid-Lothian*; and with a degree of skill and force which leaves her almost, if not altogether, unrivalled in that line upon the stage. Her scene with *Dumbiedykes* is admirable, and extorted the loudest plaudits. A visit to the Victoria is well bestowed to see this part alone.

*Romeo and Juliet* has been performed several times since our last with increased success; the sweet little *Juliet* gathering strength in her personation of that character, and Miss P. Horton more of the confidence which was all that was needed to give full effect to her *Romeo*. It is, indeed, a delightful effort, and affords great opportunity for the display of the rising talents of this admirable young actress, than whom the stage does not possess one of higher promise. We speak of the play altogether, as it will be appreciated by the vast majority of the youthful, the unsophisticated, and the feeling, who sympathise with the natural sentiments and mourn the hapless destiny of the Italian lovers—to such the representation at the Victoria must prove a genuine dramatic enjoyment; while even to the sterner critic, learned in the arts of many *Romeos* and many *Juliets*, as sustained by the best performers of by-gone years, the play will appear invested with no common charms by these young and interesting persons.

#### POLITICS.

DON CARLOS has abandoned Spain,—it is said for England; and a telegraphic despatch announces that Don Miguel has at last abandoned the contest, before the force of the quadruple alliance. Let us hope that the Peninsula will no longer continue to be the scene of civil war and desolation. At home, except defeating a motion for revising the Pension List, there is little of important consideration.

#### VARIETIES.

*Westminster Hall.*—We understand that, in furtherance of the intention of Sir Robert Smirke, in his plan of repairing the hall, for which the parliamentary grant of 17,000*l.*, in two yearly payments, has just been made, to restore the flooring or pavement to its original level, viz. some feet below its present line, and of forming the entrance by descending steps, or by a continuous inclined plane from Palace Yard, it is in contemplation to provide in future against the rising of the water into the foundation of the building, and even, as occasionally has happened in times of spring tide, actually through the ground, by adopting a new and somewhat expensive, but unfailling process, of hardening the whole extent of the floor of the building, or, in the new phraseology, *concreting* it—an operation that is performed by sinking a mass of gravel and lime to the depth of three or four feet; which, by moistening, gradually assumes the hardness and consistency of granite, and offers an impervious barrier to the entrance of water. This plan, which we understand has been already tried under a house in the neighbourhood of the hall

with complete success, bids fair to prove of the greatest benefit for the foundation of houses built in the immediate vicinity, and sometimes below the level, of the Thames.

The *National Gallery* is still open as heretofore in Pall Mall, and only a few doors from its accustomed site. The new building is uprising rapidly.

The *Royal Academy.*—Report speaks very highly of an admirable speech delivered by the president, Sir M. A. Shee, at the anniversary dinner on Friday week. It is stated to have been a most eloquent defence of the Royal Academy. The Lord Chancellor also spoke in commendation of that body. It is to be regretted, since so much public question has been raised on the subject, that there is no report of these vindictory addresses.

*Societa Armonica.*—In reference to our critique on the last concert given by this Society, we are assured that Madlle. Kyntherland and Signor Curioni were positively engaged for the second concert; and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that intimation was received of their inability to attend. For the third concert, Madlle. Grisi and Signors Rubini and Tamburini were also distinctly engaged; and late in the day of performance the directors received notice that both Madlle. Grisi and Signor Rubini were unable to attend, from severe indisposition. In that emergency they succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Madame Stockhausen and Signor J. Rubini; and although some disapprobation was expressed at the absence of Madlle. Grisi, all the subscribers are well satisfied that the directors spare neither trouble nor expense to render these concerts, both in the vocal and instrumental departments, as complete as possible.

*Mde. Campanile and Miss Gautherot's Concert.*—The selection was various and pleasant, and the execution of the different airs, &c., gave great satisfaction. The duet between Mde. Grisi and Signor Rubini was exquisite. Miss Clara Novello sang a ballad with much sweetness and expression; she is exceedingly improved since last season. Mde. Campanile on the piano, and Miss Gautherot on the harp, gave sufficing evidence of their claims on public favour.

*Irish Remedy for the Tailors' Strike.*—"By jakurs," said one of the accomplished representatives of Ireland in the reformed parliament, and, being a repaler and one of the tail, rather friendly to the strike,—"by jakurs, I am glad it has not occurred to the stupid capitalists how they might asily put down the operatives at onst." "How?" inquired a friend. "How?" knowingly replied the mimbler, "how—but by wearing only ready-made clothes—and the divil a stitch of work the poor divils would have to do!"

*John Knor preaching before the Lords of the Congregation.*—We rejoice to see it mentioned in the newspapers that this fine picture is entrusted to Mr. Doo for engraving, by Mr. Moon, late of the partnership of Moon, Boys, and Graves. It is stated that the cost will be upwards of 2000*l.*, and the time employed three years.

Mr. John Martin is stated to be engaged upon a history of the Royal Academy.

*Conversazione.*—Among the matters of interest brought forward by Mr. Pettigrew, with his usual taste and judgment, where so many inquiring scientific minds are assembled, we were much interested by the exhibition of the curious faculty in producing two distinct vocal sounds at the same time by the young lad from the north of England. It is a singular pheno-

menon, and, as far as we know, unexampled. A low running base proceeds from the larynx, while a higher series of notes issue from the back organs of the mouth. The accompaniment resembles the sound elicited by children from a comb covered with paper, and breathed through; and it was this, we were told, and the want of a comb, which first induced the present extraordinary imitation.

At the last meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, a paper by Professor Miller was read, on the subject of a supposed relation between the axes of optical elasticity of oblique prismatic crystals and the axes of their crystalline forms. Professor Neumann, of Königsberg, had asserted, on the strength of observations made on certain species of crystals, that the crystalline forms might be referred to the optical axes in a manner consistent with the simplicity of crystalline relations; but, in the instances of several other species examined by Professor Miller, it appeared that this law could not be maintained.—A paper by Mr. Earnshaw, of St. John's, was also read, on the laws of motion. Mr. Earnshaw is of opinion that the three laws of motion are not proved by experience, but by means of the axiom that similar effects are due to similar causes. Having established, by help of this principle, the laws which connect motion and force, we learn from experience in what cases force exists.—Mr. Willis exhibited and explained the construction and working of a machine which he had invented for the purpose of jointing together the bones of skeletons; the object being to connect the bones so that they may exhibit, in some degree, their natural motions. Mr. Willis's machine holds the bones firmly, however irregular their form; saws notches in their extremities, so that they may be jointed by means of a metal plate, and drills the holes by which the plate is fastened.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Britton is preparing for publication, *Illustrations*, in a splendid style, with a topographical and descriptive account, of Casbury Park, Hertfordshire, the seat of the Earl of Essex.

A new edition of Mr. Mayne's sweet poem, "the Silver Gun," (dedicated by permission to the King,) is in the press. We could wish to see a collected volume of this author's delightful compositions, which, as Sir W. Scott has observed, "come near to those of Burns."

Mr. Campbell is at last near to printing his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*.

Mr. Agar Hansard announces a work on Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales.

In the Press.

Brother Tragedians, a novel, by Isabel Hill.

A new edition of Forsyth's Dictionary of Diet.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1834.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 24	From 32. to 55.	30.24 to 30.25
Friday... 25	... 31. ... 59.	30.19 to 30.12
Saturday... 26	... 37. ... 56.	30.43 to 29.45
Sunday... 27	... 33. ... 53.	29.45 to 29.50
Monday... 28	... 41. ... 60.	29.31 to 29.35
Tuesday... 29	... 46. ... 64.	29.43 to 29.49
Wednesday 30	... 45. ... 65.	29.46 to 29.54

Wind variable, S. prevailing.  
Rain frequent in showers on the three last days, otherwise generally clear.

Rain fallen, '35 of an inch.  
Edmonton, CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 37" N.  
Longitude..... 0 31 W. of Greenwich.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.  
SIR,—There is an insinuation expressed by you in an otherwise kind and favourable review of our "Landscape Illustrations of the Bible," which obliges us to appeal to your usual candour and justice to remove what we cannot believe to have been intended. In your notice of No. II. you say, "We fear, however, that much of the charm arises from the imaginative feeling of the able artists who have made the drawings from the original sketches; and we confess that we cannot yet wholly divest ourselves of the repugnance which follows a suspicion that the positive truth of subjects rendered sacred by their character and history, is in the slightest degree sacrificed to considerations of art. This is the only drawback on our admiration of this deeply interesting publication." All these subjects were engraved after drawings made from sketches by Mr. C. Barry, a gentleman to whose careful and accurate drawings it was unjust, perhaps, to apply the term sketches; but as they were generally in outline, another state was necessary for the use of the engraver, and finished drawings for the effect were made from them, but with the most scrupulous regard to fidelity of delineation. The care with which such subjects for the plates have been faithfully sketched from nature by Mr. Barry, Mr. Page, and other travellers, to whom we have been so much obliged, calls upon us for this explanation. The success of Mr. Murray and ourselves has been very great in obtaining original sketches and drawings from gentlemen whose ability is known to the world, and whose accuracy and integrity have never been questioned; and it has been our duty to see that in the drawings made for us from such sketches, no departure from the original has been allowed. Requesting, therefore, that you will oblige us by endeavouring to remove an unfavourable impression which you have unintentionally made,

We remain, sir, yours, &c.  
W. & E. FINDEN.

We are happy to receive and to publish this assurance that the greatest care is taken in the beautiful work in question to adhere scrupulously to fidelity. The apprehension which we entertained, and which we did not "insinuate," but candidly expressed, was, lest, in making the "finished drawings for the effect," from the sketches or outlines of others, the artist might consider himself as much at liberty to indulge his taste, as if he were employed on subjects of a less sacred character.

We must decline the verses signed "Meg o' the Border."

### ADVERTISEMENTS, Connected with Literature and the Arts.

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F. T. BILLAM, Hon. Sec.  
Gallery of the Northern Society,  
Leeds, April 24th, 1834.

All Letters to be addressed "The Directors of the Northern Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, Leeds."

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